Charles de le Brute, hie Conſtable of *France*.
Iaques of *Chattillian*, Admirall of *France*.
The Maiſter of the crosbows, *Iohn* Duke *Alõſon*.
Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maiſter of *France*.
The braue ſir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin*, Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie*, and *Roſſe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.
Gerard and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Leſtra*.
Here was a royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquier:
And of all other, but fiue and twentie.
O God thy arme was here,
And vnto thee alone, aſcribe we praiſe.
When without ſtrategem,
And in euen ſhock of battle, was euer heard
So great, and litle loſſe, on one part and an other.
Take it God, for it is onely thine.
Exe. Tis wonderfull.
King. Come let vs go on proceſſion through the camp:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boaſt hereof, or take the praiſe from God,
Which is his due.
Flew. Is it lawful, and it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
To tell how many is kild?
King. Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flew. Yes in my conſcience, he did vs great good.
King. Let there be ſung, Nououes and te Deum.
The dead with charitie enterred in clay:
Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower, and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?

Saint